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APRIL, 1911

EAST AND WEST

Magazine and Review of Thought— Combined with "The Light of India"



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EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI

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By BABA BHARATI

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East and West

Combined with "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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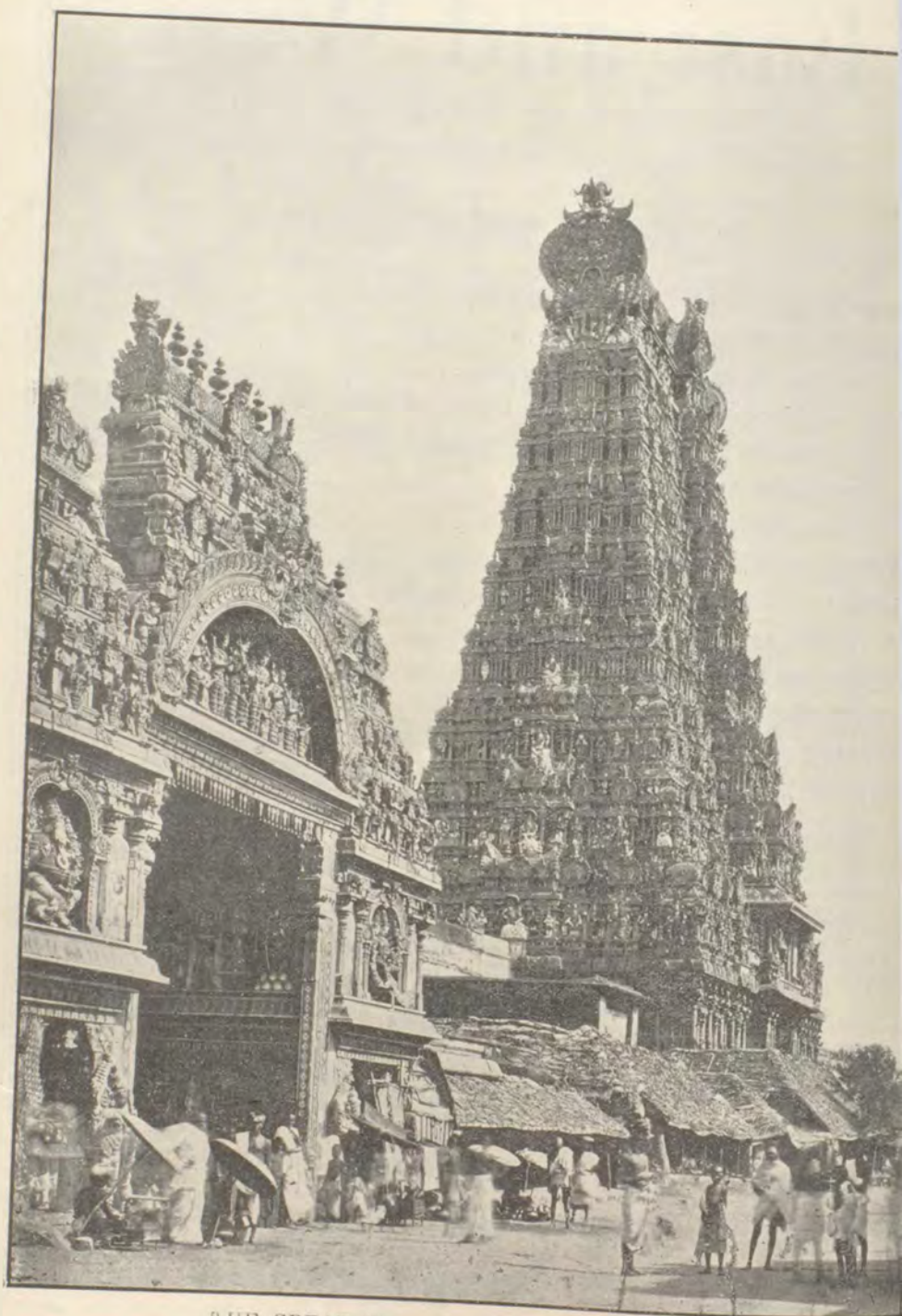
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THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MADURAI, MADRAS.

★ East and West ★

COMBINED WITH "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

Vol. III.

APRIL 1911

No. 6

DO THOU AWAKEN US!

As the Spring calleth the blades of grass to awaken to the smile of the sun or the drenching of the rain each day, do Thou, O ever glad and youthful Love, awaken us to the sweet security of the smile of life and the frown that our clouded eyes may spy lurking behind it. Do Thou who makest the young fruit tree to bend low with the stress and winds of storm so that it breaks not, do Thou make us to bow to Thy will, resisting not its dictates, lest in our ignorance we dash against the current of our good and fail to near the smooth ways and pleasant pastures Thou dost in Thy wisdom prepare for us.

Thou who makest the food to be in the breast of the mother at the coming of the young, make us to realize that each need hath its supply even before its want is uttered, teach us to know that about our ignorance Thy wisdom lies, about our weakness Thy strength is woven, about our helplessness Thy help looms nigh, and that Thy peace overshadows all our tumult.

THE SONG OF MY SOUL

By ELSIE BAKER

Long did I wonder what my soul might be.
Was it a pale reflection of the light
Of God upon the surface of our night?
Was it the promise of eternity,
Now hidden by the world-veil from our sight?

There came no answer, though I questioned long,
Until one day I heard my soul's own song:
"I am the spirit of Love that bides in thee
And in all things, quivering to reunite!"

The Science of Idol-Worship

By BABA BHARATI *

BELOVED Ones of My Lord:—People in this country are so very much averse to the very idea of idol-worship that I would not have wondered if reading the announcement that I would speak on the science of idol-worship did create in some a sort of revulsion. Yes, most of these people think they are the worshippers of the infinite God because they go to churches on Sundays to hear about God for half an hour and go home with the feeling of piety. I am not mocking at that feeling of piety. Hearing of God and hearing him glorified cannot but induce a pious feeling within ourselves; and whoever goes to church, of course, goes with pious feeling; and that pious feeling cannot but be intensified by hearing of the glory of God from a minister's lips, and in the company of pious souls. Their very vibrations and the vibrations of the pastor will help inspire pious feelings within their breasts.

These people object to idol-worship and yet they do not stop to think that they are worshipping idols every day; I had almost said, every moment. They worship, however, idols of matter, daily, daily, hourly. And idol-worship is a very natural feeling of the human heart, it is the most natural feeling; the human heart cannot help idolizing the objects of its love. So long as there will be affection and love in the human breast, so long as the human heart will be blessed with love and affection, there will be idol-worship in the world; but when the human heart will be devoid of affection and love, then there will be no more idol-worship in the world. We worship every object of our affection and we idolize it. If our love and affection are genuine and sincere, we cannot help idolizing the objects of that love and affection. Idolizing expresses adoration, and that adoration is the highest expression, the deepest expression of love. They object to making images of God, but they raise statues to national heroes. In this new age and in these new countries they worship heroes and heroines of art, they worship men and women of brains—geniuses of science and art; they worship physical beauty and physical power, and most of them worship money and material goods and adore the very names of the multi-millionaires, their pictures that adorn their rooms. It seems, therefore—thinking on this matter during these years that I have been in this country—that everything else has a right to be worshiped

except God, worshiped in pictures and in idols—you call them statues.

People I have talked to, say "We don't worship; we raise statues to look at them." But appreciation of people whose statues you raise is worship, maybe in the least pronounced sense. Appreciation is worship, the first phase of worship. They make pictures of their beloved ones—of a wife or a sweetheart—and hang these up and look at them with a feeling of love and affection, and adore those pictures. They make statues, as I say, of heroes of war, the wholesale murderers whose memories should be wiped out from the tablet of the human mind; and some doff their hats or look at that statue of a wholesale murderer with admiration. This is worship; only it is idolatry when you idolize God. All others may be worshiped, all the pictures and images of all men and women, of beautiful women and handsome men, even if they have no other qualities, are fit to be worshiped in pictures, in idols, except God, even the most radiant expressions of God! Jesus Christ's picture they would have in their room and look at it, perhaps, from the standpoint of art—some look at him with reverence—but they object to put a flower to it, they object to bending their head to it.

As I said the other night, it would do immense good to your people if they would bend their heads a little oftener, beginning it by bending their heads to God a little. The stiff bow with which people recognize each other doesn't show their culture, the culture of the heart which ought to come out of the heart in recognition of a friend or one beloved.

In India when we meet each other we make a bow; folding hands and bowing down our head to those hands. When we meet a gentleman, we say: "Salutation to you." That bends the head a little, takes a little conceit out of our brains, makes us at least practice a little humility, at least, for courtesy's sake.

No, every one and everything in this country has a right to be worshiped in pictures and idols except God and His incarnations—Jesus included.

The Hindoos, the Chinese and the Japanese are, I think, the only people left in this modern world who worship their supreme Deity in pictures and idols.

A friend once told me that when I spoke on idols, not to use the word "idol" but to call it "image"; he said, "image worship, that is better." I said, "No, the word idol

*Verbatim report of extempore lecture delivered by Baba Bharati, at the Krishna Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

is better than the word image; the idol is the image idolized; the image adored is an idol." And I told him: "I am the idolator of idolators; I came from the land of idolators, the land that idolizes the Highest God, the land where at the name of God the human head bows low down to the dust and grovels."

I talk to you very much of India, dear hearts; I do not do that only because India was my birth-place and because I look upon India with natural affection. I belong to the universe, I am a citizen of the universe. I hold before you the examples of the Hindoos because they are older people, and because they have even yet kept up the natural instincts of man, because as yet they show more Old World devotion to God and man; because they have as yet kept up the love of the soul. Therefore I turn your attention to these people who, because of their being on earth from creation down to our day, because of their keeping records of all the events of this world, can serve you with knowledge; they can set an example to you in regard to the inner knowledge of this life.

Now, the Hindoos never worship idols of matter nor idols of flesh. It is not generally known in this country that the Hindoos never paint a picture or carve a statue of any human being. All the pictures that they paint, all the images they carve, are of God or some Incarnation of God. Never will you see, even if you go now to India, in any orthodox Hindoo home nor in any really spiritual home, any picture of any human being hanging on the walls. All the pictures you will see are the pictures of different Incarnations of God,—sometimes, now and then, of an illuminated saint * * *. They do not paint human pictures because no human being, in their opinion, is worthy of being painted or carved or modeled in clay. That would be worshiping human flesh or human attributes. You have been told by Christian missionaries that we are groveling idolaters that worship idols of stone and clay and wood. Yes, we do; but not the idols themselves, we worship the concept or spirit in the idols. If you had ever gone to India and seen a rustic, ignorant from the world's standpoint, bowing low to an image and muttering his prayers to that image of God or Krishna or Kali, and if you had asked him, as I once saw a Christian missionary ask one of these rustics, why he bowed and worshiped this image of stone, he would tell you, at once: "No, sir; I do not worship a stone image, a stone idol, I worship my God." You would say, as that Christian missionary said,—and I was witness to it: "Why do you bow down to the image and not to God, with your head looking up to heaven?"

The rustic answered: "Sir, God is everywhere." "God is everywhere, then why don't you worship that God," said the missionary, "why do you come to this temple and bow down?" "Sir," the rustic said, his eyes widening and widening more and more, "my Lord is also there if He is everywhere." The missionary was very much surprised, and I was—excuse me—enjoying a little of his discomfiture. Then the rustic said: "Sir, here many thousands of people come and direct their prayers to that image, and God must be there in that stone image; because the hearts of so many millions of people are directed to that image. He must be especially there." The missionary looked ashamed, he didn't know what to say; but he managed to mutter "superstition," however. I went in front of him and said: "You have been having a most interesting talk with this rustic, haven't you?" He said "Yes." I was clad in my rags. He thought I couldn't speak English; he was astonished, and he said: "This fellow doesn't know anything." I said, "Why, he said his Lord pervades everything and therefore pervades that image, and he said to you that thousands of hearts are directed at that image and praying to that image, therefore the Lord could not but be especially present there. Mr. Missionary, you had better pack up and go home; even the rustic says to you that he believes his God is everywhere. You call your people to churches because you think that God should be especially in the churches. Why do you build churches at all, then, Mr. Missionary, when you know God is everywhere? There is no use of building churches. But you ask your congregation to go to that especially sacred place, the house of God, and say to them that if they make their prayers in that particular house that you have built, then they will be more benefited, and God will hear their prayers." Oh, if you had looked at the face of that missionary! He could have killed me.

Idol-worship in India is not only symbolical, but is the most helpful form of worship of the One God. Many of you may have read of its symbolism; but I will go a step further and say, Do away with that idea of symbolism. I will put the whole matter before you in popular language and in the clearest way. This worship of idols helps concentration. That is putting it clearly, putting it honestly, putting it in all its real sense before you. That is why Hindoos worship idols, images of Incarnations of God.

Our mind is astray all through the day and night by worldly worries and worldly occupations. The worldly worries and occupations come one after another and make us forget God. Therefore the Hindoo has made it the first business of his

not disturb him. The moment he gets back to that accumulated magnetism of the Lord's love grown by daily worship, by daily cultivation of sentiment for Him, he takes refuge in that, and the disturbing trials and tribulations of life take their leave and leave him alone in the temple he has erected within, the temple filled with all that is tender in his breast, the temple filled with the incense of the practice of devotion. And the evening of life seems to be brighter than even the day, than even the morning, for the evening seems to have a thousand moons shining upon it.

Yes, let us love God daily, hourly, if we can; and get as many reminders of God about us, dear hearts, as we can. In this age of too many wants of life, of too many necessities of life, of too many responsibilities of life, we are all about to forget our duty to our soul, the part of God in us, the all-pervading God in us, the real life of us, the real self of us—our soul. Let us have these tokens, these reminders of the soul, of our duties to our soul,—as many as possible. The more the better.

I will tell you a little personal story of mine, because it will help you very much.

In the sacred Brindaban I used to go during the twelve years of my asceticism in India. I would go there with my students and disciples and live in that most sacred place on the face of the globe where you find hundreds and thousands of ascetics and lovers of God living in all the humility that Christendom doesn't know. I used to go there to be in their company; to roll myself in the sacred dust that has been made holy by not only the touch of the lotus feet of Krishna but his devotees and his lovers who have saturated it with the essence of their devotion and love, and are saturating it every day. Three months of the year I would stay there.

During the three months I would go to the great temple of Govinda. It is the greatest temple of Krishna, and the image is said to be an Eternal Image, that is to say, nobody knows how old it is. But the image that was in the temple wasn't the original image. When a Mohammedan emperor of India became a fanatic and wanted to destroy all the images, the priests took away all the images of Brindaban and other places and asked the Hindoo princes to hide them until the time of tyranny was over. Therefore, after this tyranny was over, they had to set up substitute images, because the kings and princes who had the images wouldn't give them back. They said that the Lord's images were old and so very much magnetized by the countless homages paid to them, they couldn't part with them having once got them.

I knew it was a substitute image of Govinda, and, with my Western materialistic ideas not wholly gone, I did not have much faith in it. But I would look at it and prostrate. And when the adoration ceremony was performed every evening in that temple, which all devotees from all points of Brindaban come to see, I would do what the Scriptures enjoined me to do. I would prostrate and pray to the image. And yet this very idea of that being a substitute image failed to awaken in me that homage for Krishna that I always felt. Always something came to my mind; the idea of stone mixed up with it.

I envied my disciples who had such faith in the image. They were my disciples, and yet they had faith, that I—I thought I could take the dust of their feet. Time went on, and there was hardly an improvement in my feeling; not that I loved Krishna any less, but somehow I couldn't take away the idea of stone in that image.

And every day I prayed to the Lord to take away this, that I might see in the image my living Lord.

One morning I had prayed in my worship and said to my Lord, "O Lord, thou knowest what devotion Thou hast put in me for Thee; it is all Thy gift. O Lord, in Thy mercy and grace give me the right faith in your image, I beg of Thee." And I wept and wept for an hour.

That evening I went and looked at that image of Govinda as usual. And would you believe me, I set my eyes upon a living image of flesh, and smiling at me. I thought my eyes were deceiving me. I thought perhaps it was imagination. How could stone be flesh? But the image was all flesh and no mistake!

From that day on I not only found the image of Govinda a living one like a human being, but every image I saw in any temple was alive, too. And that living image I have carried in my heart. And I am hungering to go back and look at it.

I would ask the people of this country to not only make images of God, of Jesus, and not only have them in their homes but also raise them in the churches and worship them with whole-hearted worship, with whole-hearted homage, with the flowers of the heart as well as of the garden. And daily worshipping, daily worshipping this image, they would build devotion and love and adoration for their God and Jesus.

It is time the West had thought a little more deeply of its worship of God and taken a leaf from the book of the Orient in the matter of worship. It is time that they looked upon the Orientals as their elders and learned lessons of devotion, of spiritual devotion from them.

If they would set up the images of Christ in their homes and in their churches and worship them, they would cultivate the sentiment of real worship and be practically spiritual.

The cultured Western world, the unprejudiced, intelligent and spiritual-minded Western minds are now finding the genuineness and sincerity and godliness of the Orientals; and it is time for them not

only to come down from their perch of conceit in regard to their superior spirituality, but also learn from the Oriental books and from Oriental manners this real science of worship. The Hindoos have reduced the worship of God to a science, and even the worship of God's idols is a science in India from which the Western world can glean the deepest truths of the spiritual world.

THE COST OF THE CROSS.

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Behind the Cross the Crown I see,
Behind the pain the joy to be,
Behind the flesh the Spirit bright,
Behind the death the Life of Might.

Behind the smitten cheek the smile,
Just hidden from man's sight awhile,
Behind the pierced hand its whole,
Behind the battered Man the Soul.

Behind the thorn-crowned, drooping head
Behold the halo's holy spread!
Behind the Cross's rugged beam
The slayer's crime fades as a dream.

• Upon the trembling lips, oh hear
The plaintive wail to Heaven's ear:
"Forgive them, Father, for this deed;
My death but fills their mighty need.

"For from my death new life shall bloom,
And Light shall spring from out this gloom.
Because of this, my body's pain,
All lives through Love shall find their gain."

O lips that sipped the cup of gall,
O heart that gave to man its all,
O willing feet that went before,
To open unto man Life's door!

O pierced side and bleeding brow,
Though crucified, alive art thou!
The Stone of Earth is rolled away,
And through Thy Tomb man finds his Way.

O ye, every step that you take I am with you and lead you to My Great Heart and Joy I bestow and obstacles remove and sorrows erase that you wist not of!—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

THE ones that are gone before and even those that are yet to come, and the elements that lodge in the corners of the worlds and come and go as My will dictates, all these strive to behold Me even in the expansion of this My universe-self enformed. Yea, they that do deeds that are great and even acts that are full of hardships, it doth not bring them to behold Me thus. But he who sits with self ever directed toward Me in loving worship, forgetting even himself in the search for Me, who loseth all he is in his quest to behold Me, who maketh his soul even a throne for Me to sit within, and keepeth himself free from the hating of all that hath sprung from Me which is all that is—he, even he, may behold Me as thou, the chosen one, hath even now.

* * *

He that knoweth himself to be the playground of the Lord's will, he will find himself to be the conqueror of Time. He who knoweth himself to be the lamp in which the light of the Lord burneth even to the extinction of all darkness that may seem to find its way about that lamp, lo, he hath no enemy, nor doth such an one cognize a friend, for he hath made himself to be even the companion of Him who is the Most High and out of whom all that is likened to friendship is sprung. He knoweth not an enemy because he knoweth all that is to be, but the issue of love and, looking beyond the surface, sees only the root of love. Therefore, that which, by the ideas of the senses, is called an enemy is to the one who seeth love in its workings but the branch of love a little covered with the more life but at its heart ever young and nestling in the arms of the Most High in whose womb we travel for ever and ever.

* * *

He that knoweth My heart to be the womb of Love from which all universes have sprung, and he who knoweth that naught there is that hath not been conceived in the heart of that womb, he shall be freed from all sensation that the senses cognize, and he shall be made to feel the pulsing even of the joy of conception that is ever going on in My womb. For him the pleasures of the unawakened man are strangers, but he shall know the pleasures of creation of the all-awakened one who knoweth not slumber nor sleep, but is ever the giver of peace and harmony to him who turneth Hisward. Each thrill of creation shall be felt, and each and all the wonders of the fulfilment of that creation shall be reflected upon him because he hath placed his faith in Me and I have made him exceedingly joyful.

* * *

He who seeth in Me his home and beholdeth in My love his mother and baseth his honor upon Me, and even findeth in My joyousness his children, and in My kindness his master, and in My faithfulness his servant, and in My peacefulness the wife of his bosom, and in My hopefulness even his father, and in My trustworthiness even his friend—lo, he needeth not to seek for mother, honor, child, master, servant, father, or friend, for with all these he is already crowned and all he looks upon shall become these to him, for he recognizes Me in all that is. And all that is scatters these blessings before him to partake of, for such is the bounty of My love that whatever you clothe it with, such it at once becomes, for in the realm where Love and its devotees work, there is it ere the thought is registered in ether.

The Sacred Fast to Shiva

THIRTY miles from Calcutta, there is a little village in which a little temple stands that is famous for its shrine, dedicated to Shiva. The temple is known as Tarakeshwar, and here from every part of Bengal, pilgrims ply their way all the year round. The temple stands in the center of the village, while all about it cluster the bazaars and homes of those who live there through the year. The stationary populace is about two thousand souls, but the continuous stream of devotees that pours in there at all times, and especially on religious days, is uncountable.

There are two large religious gatherings held annually. The first of these, the Sivaratri, takes place in February, and the ceremonies enjoined on this occasion, are considered by the followers of this God to be the most sacred and meritorious of all observances.

There are three essential rites of the Sivaratri. First, there is the fasting from sunrise to sunrise, during which time no crumb of food, no drop of water passes the devotee's lips. In silence he sits repeating the mantram over and over, and at each word trying to cleanse the mind of each unfitting thought, of each unworthy impulse. As his mouth is innocent of material food for twenty-four hours, so, for the same twenty-four hours, he prays to keep his mind innocent of every ungodlike thought that may rise to make havoc of his worship, or chaos of his prayer-filled mind toward Shiva. Thus, too, in meditation the night is spent, for he who observes the Sivaratri must not sleep, but must be awake and keep his mind attuned to the glory of this day of days, and without stint or beggary, must he worship Shiva as the marvelous and eternal Lingam. Thus he pays homage to Shiva, the destructive Godhead of the Hindoo Trinity—destructive, not in the sense of being at war with mankind or the forces of Nature that trend upward, no—Shiva is the destroyer of evil, the iconoclast of all that is an illusion to

the true state of the Godhead of Love.

It is said that Shiva, the beloved of millions of the Hindoo devotees, is easily angered by those who look with evil eye upon God and Nature, and thereby walk in crooked ways, and draw with themselves the illusive joys and pleasures that come and go as mists of the morning. To them and their misdeeds, He shows His wrath with mighty force; but let that offender but turn his eyes to Him again with repentance and tender pleading for forgiveness, and lo! the Great God Shiva is said to be drawn from the very throne of Love to meet that pleader and cast forgiveness, enriched with glorious blessings, at the feet of the repentant devotee. He is lovingly called by his children, Bhola-nath, the "Forgetful One," and "Ashuteesh and Ashutosh," which means, "He who is easily pleased and as easily angered." A thousand names are bestowed upon Him, each and every one meaningful as to some aspect of His nature, some phase of His love, and all in keeping with the conception of the devotee of this deity. The Hindoo tells us that Shiva is the Awful One, who slays all that is contrary to the law of Order, and that by bringing this destruction, He makes Order out of Chaos. So while He is the destroyer, He is also the very fountain of Wisdom and the lover of mankind and Humanity. In truth, He is the Physician of all evil, **destroying** only that good may be.

The Puranas say that in the beginning all was dark, inert, and lifeless; and when the Almighty set Himself the gigantic task of evolving Order out of Chaos, or Chaos into Cosmos, He decided that His Threefold attributes should be embodied in three forms; and so the upper part of Him became Brahma, or the Creative Godhead, the middle part of Him became Vishnu, the Preserver of the Godhead, the lower part of Him became Shiva, or the Destroyer of the Godhead—all of which is nothing more nor less than Creation, Preservation,

and Destruction, that has been the order of things ever since the world began.

In our everyday living, the operation of these three qualities, creation, preservation and destruction, takes place every hour, every minute, every second; we create, we hold, we throw away, we accept, we assimilate, we cast off. Each thought of ours each act, embodies these phases. This trinity gives thought and action, birth; nay, only through this trine, can they be or exist. Every atom is pregnant with it, and every atom is in it. The seed holds it, as does the sea; the heart of man is alive because of it; before creation was, all that is, was in its womb, and it was and is in all that ever has been and ever must exist.

Shiva, who is the embodiment of the Destructive attribute of Nature, is said to dwell in the snow-covered Himalayan peak of Kailas, for which He is called "Girisha," the Lord of the mountains. The Hindoo centralizes all things, human or divine, spiritual or material, animate or inanimate, into a personality. Each abstraction, to him, must have a concrete form, a point upon which he can focus or concentrate his mind-forces, and from there enter the expansion of that thought that knows no horizon, but spreads from the known into the Infinite that is unknown. A God he can recognize only as he looks upon Him as a formful Being who takes upon Himself the nature of man, invested with the manifold virtues that bespeak Infinity. It is not a rare thing to see a Hindoo, English-educated, and versed in the lore of modern science, and a lover of modern civilization, standing on a mountain side at Darjeeling, and gazing with rapt eyes and prayer-filled heart at the white peaks of the Himalaya range that gleam silver white on the horizon. Often one will hear him say, with clasped hands touched to brow in reverent salute, "O Bolanath, how glorious is thy dwelling this day!" or "What blessing is mine, what favor has been bestowed upon me, that this hour my eyes are

glorified by a glance at the white abode of Girisha!"

Here on Mount Kailas, Shiva lives with his consort, Durga, who is the embodiment of Nature, and practices his austerities and penance, and here, too, his miracles have been and are wrought. This and many tales the devotees of Shiva will tell you. They will tell you how, with a drinking bowl, he wandered among the Gods of the mountains, and begged for himself the food which he in wondrous abundance supplied to them. They tell of the Samadhi, or Yogi meditation, into which he fell and by his thought-force destroyed worlds that worlds might be created again. They tell of his tenderness to his wife, Durga, the mothering aspect of Nature, and of his children, other phases of Nature, until Shiva, the snow-white God, the sun-kissed Bhola-nath, becomes a Being of great loveliness and enormous tenderness to his worshipers.

On the night of the Sivaratri, all Hindoos, high and low, man and woman, in fact all the orthodox Hindoo world, are awake; none are exempt except the feeble, the sick, and the very young, and the night, as was the day, is spent in fasting. Should a worshiper fall asleep, the God Himself will appear to him, so that the sin of negligence be not too heavy upon the sluggish heart. For Shiva Himself has said that dearer to Him than ablutions and oblations, are the fasts observed by His worshipers on Sivaratri, the one night in the year that He visits the waking devotees, and destroys by His love for them all evil that dwells in them, and all evil that might be coming toward them and obstructing the way that leads them unto Him.

The orthodox among those who observe this pooja, exercise great rigor and austerities. They undergo a purifying bath every three hours out of the twenty-four, at which they chant mantras and recite hymns suited to the occasion. We are told that this festival has the merit of destroying all com-

ing misfortune, and that the sins are washed from the lives of those that take part in it. On Shivaratri, the great God often appears to the watcher, and teaches him the way to Himself, and bestows upon him the wealth of spiritual blessing that is to remain with him in this life and insure him an entrance into the Land of the Immortals, where he may rest at the feet of Shiva, until Time calls him forth to walk once more the earth, the path of which the kind white Shiva will lighten with blessing until once again it leads unto his feet, from Time unto Eternity.

At the Shivaratri, thousands visit the temple in the little village of Tarakeshwar, which is thirty-six miles from Calcutta, and it is said that miracles and wonderful cures have been effected at this festival, for those who have come there with pure hearts and prayerful minds to ask of the easily pleased Bholanath a boon. One will tell how he prayed that a sick wife might be made well again, and that when the vigil of the night of prayer was over, he fell into a deep sleep and Shiva appeared to him and told him to go to such a saint or householder and beg of him a drug, which, when taken to the sick wife, would make her well. The order had been carried out, and lo! the narrator will point out to you, with faith-filled eyes, the wife who last year was sick unto death and now is here, well and strong, to offer thanks to the good Shiva who forgets not, nor turns an unhearing ear to those who love Him and listen to His voice.

One gentleman who has been to England and for many years has lived the life of the unorthodox, will tell of one of the ladies of his family whose one ewe lamb, a son, had been ill for many, many weeks, and had been given up by the Kaviraj or physician, as one doomed to death. She, in her mother's fear and love, had gone forth on foot for many miles to beg of Shiva at the temple, Tarakeshwar, the life of her child. Early one morning she set out and walked all day and another day, and the next day she came to the temple.

There she prayed and after a time sleep fell upon her, and in that sleep Shiva came to her, and told her to open her eyes, and that which she saw on the threshold she was to take up and cook, and she and the child should eat it. She awoke and looked, and horrors, there, across the threshold, lay a small black snake! Poor mother! What could the dream mean? She feared the snake, and surely it was not meant that she should eat so gruesome a thing. She watched it, hoping it would move away, but it stayed, and in mortal fear she stooped forward and threw the end of her sari over it. It ceased wiggling, and she carried it home, and when she opened it, she found, not a snake, but a *sadndesh* (a sweetmeat) between two bael leaves. She gave one-half to her child, and the other half she ate, and the child became well and grew to manhood, and lives to tell this tale, as one of the miracles that Shiva performed at His temple at Tarakeshwar.

Another young English-educated Hindoo will relate how after months of fighting tuberculosis of the lungs, his father begged him to go on a pilgrimage to this same temple and make a vow to serve Shiva in any capacity that opened up before him. To bind this vow, he promised to let his hair and beard grow, and at the end of that length of time, he would again go to the temple and offer to Shiva the hair of his head and face as a sign of his faith and humility. This he did, and now he tells how strength and health is his, and that his love for Shiva has become as the breath of his body, as needful and as sweet.

Thus story upon story is told, and over it all and between the words, you read the message that it has for the listener, that God gives to the earnest seeker just that which he expects, according to the strength of his concentration; that thought is a great power, that faith is a greater one, and that Love is the greatest of all.

This temple is built of stone. The inner chamber holds a black stone,

over which the word, OM is carved, and in crescent and dot, which is the Name-Sound of God, or "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

Before this is an outer court for the worshippers. Above the arch of this court, are the figures of Shiva and His consort, sitting on a tiger skin, and the sacred bull, Shiva's emblem of power, standing near. On the very top of the temple, is the sign of Shiva, the Mystic Trident.

Over the inner court and above the stone, is carved this sloka: "Where

there is Virtue, there is Power, and where Power is, there is Shiva." Also another sloka, "I am manifest in Rarh (Bengal) as Tarakeshwar."

Many votaries of Shiva come to this little village to live a temporary ascetic life; and very often the young student of ancient Sanskrit lore will go to plead for inspiration and greater knowledge, from the God who alone can destroy the illusion of ignorance, so that the light of wisdom may open his heart toward God and His laws; so that he may learn His will and live according to His word as taught in the Shastras.

REFLECTED RAYS

By MAUD LALITA JOHNSON

THOUGH there be many dialects, the language of the heart is universal.

Humanity may make a great fuss over trifles, but the hills stand calm, serene, eternal.

No man can teach with wisdom till he has first learned to live.

A good vocation — God's love messenger.

Just as the physician sometimes gives you a bitter pill for a tonic, so your spiritual teacher must sometimes give you a bitter lesson for the training of your soul.

Just as the rivulet on its way to the ocean must wind its way about the hills and obstructing rocks, so the soul in its search for God sometimes takes a sinuous course and seemingly goes far from the chosen path to reach its goal.

Like the beads on the wires of a child's counter, so are the bodies of those who are harmonized suspended on the golden thread of Spirit. As the child moves the beads about at will so God directs and guides and places those who are His so as to work out His will and design.

As the sculptor takes a block of marble and hews and chisels therefrom a beautiful statue, so the Divine Molder takes the spirit in human form concealed and shapes and chastens and refines until the man divine stands revealed.

Life, love, liberty. Three words that stir the soul and thrill the being with new energy and soothe the spirit into unending peace. Life—that flows forever vibrant; love—the harmonizer of all that is; liberty—the power to express the soul.

The mountain stream falling over a precipice makes a great noise, but it is the silently flowing river that fertilizes the valley and makes it fit to produce new life.

Just as the pianola, though a perfect instrument in itself, cannot produce music unless attached to a piano, so the human soul cannot produce harmony, nor give forth sweetness unless in tune with and absorbed in the Divine.

On the deck of a vessel that was being tossed by angry waves, a tiny child was trying persistently to walk along a ray of sun-light thrown upon the floor through a crevice above. The ship tossed so that the child's efforts were all in vain, but again and again she returned to the apparently hopeless task. The task, indeed, was hopeless, but the child had faith and desire. Why can't we in the stress and storm of life see only the sunshine and persistently and full of faith try to walk therein?

Imagine a room, the floor of which is covered by a carpet whose design is such that the figures form rows running from end to end, from side to side and also diagonally across the room. Suppose in this room are five people. A., who sits at the north end, declares that the rows run north and south; B., who sits at the east side, says the rows run east and west; C., who sits in the north-east corner, vows that the rows run from north-east to south-west; D., who sits at the north-west corner, asserts that the rows run from north-west to south-east; and each is sure that he is right, but E., who sits at the center, knows that the rows run in all these directions and that they are all right.

Message from the Dead

By BABA BHARATI

CONTROVERSY was raised some time ago in an article published in the Los Angeles "Times" By Henry Christeen Warnack, as to whether Professor William James, who recently departed from this life, could be made to communicate with his friends his experiences in the plane where his soul is now supposed to be.

Opinions were given by various persons in Los Angeles whom Mr. Warnack interviewed on the subject; opinions which vary as widely as the poles. To me these views did not seem to proceed from any direct or positive knowledge of the conditions of a human soul that is in that realm from which Shakespeare says no traveler returns. The old philosophies of the world say that the spirit of the dead do return and appear to human view in forms of seeming flesh, also are reborn in new bodies. Of these ancient philosophies those of the Hindoos are the most positive and illuminating, for the reason that their enunciations of the rules and laws of inner nature are derived from their psychical visions of realms beyond the physical. These visions are neither accidental nor casual. The illuminated sages who experienced these visions could do so again and again at their will, through their **yoga** power, by which they could put their minds into any plane of existence, mental, psychical, spiritual and absolute—not to speak of the power of the mind to pierce the psychical. This **yoga** power is nothing more or less than an acute and absolute mental concentration, attained through scientific processes of controlling the currents and forces of the mind. These visions of the illuminated ones agree with the doctrines of the **Vedas**, which are held as revelations of the supreme God.

The plane to which the soul of a dead man passes is determined by the thought that is predominant in his consciousness at the point of death, according to the **Vedas** and according to the experiences of the illuminated saints (**Rishis**) of India. If Professor James was a spiritual man, as is generally inferred he was, and if his dying thought was spiritual, he has passed on to a spiritual realm to which only highly spiritual vibrations of his highly spiritual friends can reach. If there are such friends, they can certainly establish a current of communication, and get messages from him, by earnestly concentrating upon him. The minds of these spiritual friends must dip into his spiritual plane of consciousness, to make such communication possible. The currents of their mind will vibrate through that plane and, like wireless telegraphy, the message will reach the soul of Professor James and make his consciousness respond to it immediately.

If Professor James died thinking of the world, his soul is at present hovering in what is called the astral plane, which is almost the same as the realm of ether. Any earnest friends, concentrating their thoughts upon him together, can make their question vibrate through ether, upon his soul, and draw a response from his consciousness. Responsive messages from either of these two planes, wherever Professor James may be, can be received through the most receptive of those in the circle, by way of pencil writing or spoken words. Even one friend, who was a sincere lover of Professor James, may call out a message from him through one of those dreams that materialize facts of the inner world, or reflect coming events.

One little anecdote, depicting an important event of my boyhood life, may throw a better light on the point raised than any amount of generalizations, psychical or other. When I was a boy of fourteen, and a student at school, I had a classmate, who was also a neighbor, whom I loved with all the ardor of my young heart, and who returned my love with an equal warmth. His

name was Roy. One day, we two were sitting on the broad stone steps of the school house, and it happened we were in a philosophical mood, at the moment. We speculated as to how we should feel towards one another after death, and what sort of existence the death plane was, and we decided that the one who should die first should communicate to the other his experience on that plane. We sealed the promise with a vow.

A few days later, word was brought to me, by another classmate, that Roy had died suddenly, of cholera. I was seized with an intense grief, and wept for my friend days and nights together; but when my grief had slightly abated I remembered the vow we had made and I felt that he was sure to fulfill his promise and appear to me. At this thought I was seized by fear, as I had been seized by grief. I was afraid of seeing his apparition in some dark corner, at any moment, and, truth to tell, I was dreadfully afraid of ghosts. I could not bear to be alone, night or day, because of this fear, and thinking of it, I became ill and did not go to school for many days. During my illness, which was not severe, I kept near my mother as much as possible. One day she saw that my clothes were very dirty, for which she scolded me and made me change them for a well laundered **dhoti** and shirt, over which she sprinkled water from the holy Ganges to purify them. She also saw that I was sleepy, and put me to bed. I soon fell into sleep and dreamed a most realistic dream. In that dream my dead friend Roy came and sat on the edge of the bed, near my feet. His beautiful face was sad and solemn. His eyes had a look of worried abstraction. He did not regard me steadily but raised his downcast eyes to cast upon me troubled and speculative glances now and then. He seemed to be changed to almost another person from that which he appeared in life, and while I looked at him I was fully conscious that he was dead and that it was his apparition upon which I gazed with distress in my heart. I had no sense of fear and rather took him to task for not having earlier kept his promise.

"Well, Roy," I said, "Why have you delayed so long to visit me?" He looked at me sadly and said, "Well, it is not my fault; you have been afraid of me all these days and though I hovered about you to tell you of my experience, according to my promise, I could not appear before you. Also you were always in the company of others and in dirty clothes, which made it unpleasant for me to come near you. Besides, I thought you would swoon with fright, if I appeared to you. Hence I come to you while you sleep, and I approach you, now that you are clean."

"Well," I said, "now tell me how you feel, and where you are?"

"I feel badly," was the slow, mournful answer, "and I do not know where I am. I am hovering in space."

"You are all alone, do you mean to say?" I asked. "Have you met none of your friends who died before you, especially your older brother?"

"None," was the answer; "I am alone in dreary space, but I feel that I may soon be translated to where I may meet many others."

I felt a great pang of sorrow for him; I was overcome with affection and felt a strong urge to approach much nearer to him; to express by some physical demonstration, my sympathy for him; to encourage him, aye, to pour out all my heart's love into my poor friend's soul; and as these feelings struggled with me, my eyes opened and I **saw**, in my waking state, **my friend, sitting there on my bedside**. As our eyes met, in my conscious state, my friend smiled the old smile of affection, and arose to his feet and stretched out his arms to me; I sprang from my bed and clasped him in my arms; it was a solid tangible form I held to my breast—his heart throbbing against

mine, as it used to when he was in the flesh. He was, in every respect, in color, in form and in expression, the same Roy I had known during his life.

"In death or life," I exclaimed, "I am yours, Roy, I am your friend here, or in any place or plane; trust me; come to me, and I will always cheer you."

For all I said he embraced me closer and closer and shouted, in the old Roy's voice: "Oh, I am so happy! You have not forsaken me, I am bursting with joy! And here and now I enter into a new world. Look! It is all radiant and full of glorious people. I go! I go! Adieu!" He melted into the air in my clasp, and, with a cry, I fell to the floor—unconscious.

Bound and confused by his promise to me, and by my attitude of fear, with which he was sympathetic, he had been kept in a cloud of hazy mental atmosphere, from which my involuntary outpouring of free and pure love, to which he responded—and which is of the spiritual realm—released him.

A TROPICAL SHOWER

By MARY WALTON

A DAZZLE is in the sky, a glitter in the sunshine and a breathless hush in the sudden calm. The air throbs and palpitates in a giddy, golden whirl, then hangs still and pulseless as a pall of death. The languorous swoon of lotus isles enwraps the land, the enchanted spell of a magician's golden wand enchains the dwellers, and a haze, vague and alluring as a maiden's dream, envelops earth and sky. No murmur of human voice or faint bird-call is heard. Only far in the distance a sound as of rushing of wings, the herald of the tropic shower.

A soft breeze, cooling and caressing in its touch; then across the brilliant blue float clouds fleecy-white and filmy as smoke-wreaths. Snowy masses of vaporous loveliness form as if by magic and melt again into the blue haze as snowflakes slip into the sea; clouds of gray, soft as a dove's breast, rose-lined and crimson-streaked, pile in mountain heaps, obscuring the sun's bright rays. But not for long. Golden shafts of light pierce the misty veil of drab; and the curtain is rent asunder to permit the ardent sun to gaze once more upon a land fair as the bowers of Elysium. The clouds of ashen gray smoulder in glowing embers at the fiery touch, then flame into crimson and ruddy gold, a celestial conflagration lighted by the torch of Phoebus himself.

Gold-banded the heavens become, luminous, radiant with ten thousand splendors, suffused in a rosy golden light that is of neither sea nor land, of the sun's glowing disc, or the moon's pale orb, a light that is heaven's own glory, flooding the earth with supernatural radiance; the gold pales, gray masses form that deepen into amethyst and violet and hyacinthine blue, the beckoning lures of clearest ether depths.

Then soft and sudden falls the shower. The rich brown earth flushes ruddy at the rain-drop's touch; the foliage flashes emerald in the sun and the breeze blows balmy and cool and laden with the perfume of orchid and rose.

As through a curtain of crystal beads the sun streams through the falling rain and in prismatic colours the rainbow spells its promise of hope eternal, pointing ever to the golden treasure buried deep and hid from mortal man except, maphap, some poor dreamer who, in rapt wonder traces the rainbow's shining path and stumbles on the trove all unawares.

The shower ceases, the clouds disperse and roll into rosy masses above the horizon's dim line. The sun in veiled splendour sinks into the land of shadows, and twilight, tender and faint, steals over the freshened earth, bringing to each yearning heart the joy of hope fulfilled and the peace of a benediction.

Vedic Seed-Thoughts

By VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

Concerning now the world: earth the first element, the second heaven; the interspace [their] junction [is; and] air the means whereby they are conjoined. So far about the world.—Taittiriya Upanishad, Part I., Sutra 3.

There where man functions with material weapons, where that which is his lower self dwells, that is the plane called earth. From that earth derives he the sustenance that maintains the part of self which clings with him to that plane. Yea, it is the playground upon which his senses born of the same material play upon themselves, the storehouse where the senses cognize their own objects, the school in which their self, that lower self, born of the earth-material, functions.

That which cognizes the earth are those grosser senses which are made up of even the elements that they have drawn from the earth. As like ever attracts like, so does the earth of man attach itself to the earth of the universe which is the feet thereof. Here earth is the place where man, not yet a man, sitteth even before he hath learnt to stand. Here is the attraction where man doth seem attracted ere his eye hath been unblinded. Here is the garden where the fruits of his appetites are stored, ere yet the hunger that is unsatisfied hath gnawed at the vitals of that which in him hath not yet put forth its hundred tongues. Here functioneth man that knoweth but the color of the footstool of himself, ere yet the unknown stir hath touched the tremulous atom which makes him sniff of the odorless odor that bears an unlikeness to the vapors, heavy and pungent, which have matched the senses that man created to greet even the objects upon which he functioned.

And with that stir awakes in man a finer sense to meet the subtler object unrecognized before. It opens a channel of rarer perceptions, and a plane is born of the higher degree upon which to function. And sitting still on the plane of earth, he lifts his head to the subtler one that now his senses vivify. Here he stretches the hand of a self which motionless lay before, and the hand brings forth, in its yet clay-like fingers, the fruit that was made by its unconscious direction. And with the grasping of the fruit is born the sense to cognize, and cognizing it, an hundred tongues are hanging out ahungred to taste of the fruit and be satisfied.

But yet the channels through which the senses work are unaccustomed to their new creations of objects. And, too, the senses still bear, in their coatings, the odors and acids that cling to their linings when functioning on the plane of earth. The new senses awakened are weak, for the fruits not of earth lend not the strength of their kernels at the first munching. So, watering, the tongues hang forth to partake. And the eye, too, that was earth-turned before, peers to sight the fruit from the plane that is higher. And also the ears follow the trend of the eye. And the nostril expands to catch once again the odorless odor unrecognized, but full of that drawing that loosed the bonds that held it before to the smell of the earth.

And thus hands are stretched and taste and eyes and ears are leaning toward the plane that is subtle. And only the feet of man are still folded on the earth. Thus the senses in union, leaning toward the plane just in sight,

man finds, in that interregnum, that the grosser senses have lost much of their power. But he, in his great desire to function continuously on the plane that is subtle, has failed to see that the senses are partaking in reality of the objects of their own creation and their striving goes on, either consciously or unconsciously, and notes not that the senses that are gross loosen their hold more and more as they cease to create so largely on that plane that is earth.

And, with the passing of the appetite of the grosser senses for their objects, a partial destruction of the senses and their objects takes place, only to renew themselves once more as a better pleasure ground for the material senses of man, now grown finer, to function with. Thus the material channels of man are ever slaves to his higher ones, and this is so because those born of earth are made of earth-substance which is ever in a changeful state, and those subtler ones function on a plane which partakes, according to their degree of development, even of the plane that is permanent. Hence, when man functions on the plane that is in the interspace between earth and heaven, he hath lost of the material and changeful and taken of the spiritual and permanent. He has added unto the lining of his senses that coating of reality upon which they rested when functioning on the objects of reality, and has invested even the objects of the changeful plane with the semblance of the real, and thus they partake of the excellence of reality.

Now, this being so, the grosser attributes no longer bind his legs beneath him, and he arises from his sitting, and standeth with only his feet on the earth. His trunk only is now on the plane that is the interspace between earth and heaven, but his brow is lifted into the realm of revealed delights and his nostrils sniff the odor that is the fragrance of the flower of his privilege of wisdom that now he has reached. His eye beholds the inward light of the object of his own awakened creations. His hundred tongues become a huge one that tastes ever the feast of the luscious and never-ending array of many kinds of fruit that vary in size and taste and outward skin, but that blossom and ripen and bear fruit even on the same tree. And this feast, too, is but the creation of the hundred tongues that wanted to eat unto satisfaction of the delights of Unbroken Bliss.

Yea, now his breast, too, expands to the breadth of the horizon, and the sea of life, that was without, now swells in surges within himself. The world without, which is but the creation of his senses, be it gross or subtle, is now but an infinitesimal atom compared to the immensity of his world within that has grown to dimensions immeasurable and infinite, by the limitless plane that the senses, now unlimited, function upon.

Thus, here on this plane where the roots of creation are implanted, where is the starting place of the race and the play of the elements of the universe, the universe without him and the universe within him; here he ripens. And lo, he calleth the wind to cease its rushing and holdeth the thunder by its source. He draweth the fog in curtains about him and maketh the glare of the sun to be dimmed. From this plane he functions on earth, too, but that which was material, now has become even that of his wishing, and earth to him no more is gross, for he has absorbed the permanent from the realm of reality; and to him naught is changeful, naught is immature, naught is gross, for, looking upon it, he has brought to the object upon which he looked, the law which has made it, the law which operates it, the law which enfolds it, the law that is changeless, immutable, imperturbable, immortal and everlasting. Thus moves he on earth but partakes only of its laws that have their root in the realm upon which his senses function.

Hinduism's Influence on Christianity

(The Hindu, Madras)

A PROPOS of the influence of Christianity versus Hinduism and their clash with one another, it would be certainly interesting to know, as one correspondent of the Hindu proves in the columns of that paper, that Christianity was influenced by Hinduism and Buddhism in its earliest stages. Here is a list of the authorities he gives for his view:—

1. "Asoka ventured to send his proselytizing agents far beyond the limits of India, into the dominions of Antiochos Theos, King of Syria and Western Asia (B. C. 261-246); Ptolemy Philadelphos, King of Egypt (B. C. 285-247); Magas, King of Cyrene in Northern Africa, half brother of Ptolemy (about B. C. 285-258); Antigonos (277-239); and Alexander, King of Epirus (B. C. 272)—[Mr. Vincent A. Smith's *Asoka—Rulers of India Series*].

2. "Both here and in foreign countries," says Asoka in one of his edicts, "everywhere the people follow the doctrine of the religion of the Beloved of the Gods, wheresoever it reacheth."

3. "Buddhist Missionaries preached in Syria two centuries before the teaching of Christ (which has so many moral points in common), was heard in Northern Palestine. So true is it that every great historical change has had its forerunner." (Mahaffy's *Alexander's Empire*.)

4. "That a system of Hinduism pervaded the whole Babylonian and Assyrian Empires, Scripture furnished abundant proofs, in the mention of the various types of the sun-god Balnath, whose pillar adorned every mount and every grove; and to whose other representative, the brazen calf (nanda), the 15th of each month was especially sacred." (Col. Tod's *Annals of Rajasthan*.)

5. "It is true such eminent authorities as Jones, Colebrooke, Wilson, Bathelemy, Saint-Hilaire, Leopold von Schroeder and others have tried to

prove the dependence of the Pythagorean speculations upon Indian philosophy and cosmology." (Dr. Sathianadhan, M. A.)

6. "Clement of Alexandria had no hesitation in calling Pythagoras a pupil of the Brahmans; competent philologists have translated his name 'teacher of Buddhism,' and pointed for justification to the almost identity in teaching between the Pythagoreans and the Buddhists." (Mrs. Katherine Weller.)

7. Referring to the Indian sages, Col. Tod says in the *Annals of Rajasthan*: "Where can we look for sages like those whose systems of philosophy were the prototypes of those of Greece, to whose works Plato, Thales, and Pythagoras, were disciples?"

8. "Dean Mansel admits that the philosophy and rites of the Therapents of Alexandria were borrowed from the Buddhist missionaries who visited Egypt within two generations of the time of Alexander the Great. Philosophers like Schelling and Schopenhauer and scholars like Lassen support this view. Dean Milman maintains that Therapents sprang from the contemplative fraternities of India. The Essenes of Palestine were the same sect as the Therapents of Egypt." (Dutt's *Ancient India*.)

9. "Europe has always been indebted to India for its spiritual inspirations. There is little, very little of high thought and aspiration in Christendom which cannot be traced to one or another of the successive influxes of Hindu ideas; either to the Hinduised Hellenism of Pythagoras and Plato, to the Hinduised Mazdeism of the Gnostics, to the Hinduised Judaism of the Kabbalists, or to the Hinduised Mahomedanism of the Moorish philosophers; to say nothing of the Hinduised Occultism of the Theosophists, the Hinduised Socinianism of the New England Transcendentalists and the many other new streams of Orientalising influence

which are fertilizing the soil of contemporary Christendom."

(Mr. Merwin Marie Snell, President of the Scientific Section of the Parliament of Religions, Chicago.)

10. "The Bible is so manifestly an abridgement of ancient sacred books which Moses may have seen at the Court of Pharaoh, that it constantly copies passages inexplicable in themselves, but found entire in those books of Manu and the Vedas, which it has forgotten to examine." (Justice Jaccoliot's "The Bible in India.")

11. "A few writers like Budseen, Seydel, and Lilli go further and maintain that the Christian religion has sprung directly from Buddhism." (Dutt's Ancient India.)

12. "Modern disquisitions on Ancient India point to the great fact that the civilization of that oldest country was unmatched in its character. The Greeks derived much from the Indians and their religion was fundamentally based upon that of the great prehistoric nation. It is well known that the Romans received inspiration from the Greeks and as Rome became the mistress of the then world, all the nations under her sway received from her the light of philosophy and religion which originally emanated from India." (Colebrooke.)

13. "So, in returning to the fountain head do we find in India all the poetic and religious traditions of ancient and modern peoples: the worship of Zoroaster, the symbols of Egypt, the mysteries of Eleusis and the priestesses of Vesta, the Genesis and prophecies of the Bible, the morals of the Sanian age and the sublime teaching of the philosopher of Bethlehem." (Abbe Dubois.)

14. "I believe in Kristna, philosopher and moralist, I admire his lessons, so sublime and so pure, that later the founder of Christianity in Europe perceived that he could not do better than imitate them." (Justice Jaccoliot's "The Bible in India.")

15. "India is the world's cradle; thence it is that the common mother, in sending forth her children even to the utmost West, has in unfading testimony at our origin bequeathed us the legacy of her language, her laws, her morals, her literature, and her religion. Many inspired Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman legislation, and his spirit still permeates the whole economy of our European laws." (Abbe Dubois.)

16. And lastly, the late Mr. Dutt, after proving the influence of Buddhism over Christianity, concludes, in his "Ancient India," as follows:—"We are content to leave the matter here. We have proved that Buddhism was preached in Syria in the third century B. C. We have proved that Buddhism was received in Palestine and Egypt, and that Buddhists under different names lived in those countries when Christ was born, and have been described in the impartial pages of Pliny. We have proved that Christ came in contact with their rites and teachings through John, as well as through various other channels probably. And, lastly, we have shown the remarkable resemblance between Christian moral precepts and Buddhist precepts in sentiment and in language, between Christian resignation of the world and Buddhist resignation, between Christian and Buddhist rites and legends and forms. Is this coincidence fortuitous? Let each reader form his own opinion on the subject."

TO OUR DEAR SUBSCRIBERS.

If each of our dear and appreciative subscribers will give us one new subscriber, the magazine will be very much helped.

Mystic Musings

By BABA BHARATI

—:o:—

THE HUMAM BUTTERFLY

WHAT I mean by The Human Butterfly is that most of us look at the butterfly as an extremely frivolous insect, which hovers about in space without aim or object. But the butterfly can teach us a lesson, the deepest lesson that a human being can draw from its life of evolution from the egg into the caterpillar, from the caterpillar into the chrysalis, from the chrysalis into the full-fledged butterfly.

How we look at the butterfly, and many of us, perhaps, envy its gay life and colors! And how our women try to imitate the butterfly in their dresses!—some women do. But if we study the butterfly a little deeply we will find that this butterfly is a divine parable, in its process of evolution, for human beings to profit by.

The butterfly grows from the silkworm. The butterfly lays eggs in some leaves and out of these eggs the worm comes, the caterpillar comes. That caterpillar feeds upon soft mulberry leaves, eats leaves to its fill. Then it grows fat, sheds its coat, bursts its skin. And again it goes on eating these soft leaves and again it bursts its skin, another skin. And again it feeds on, until it has gone through many changes of clothes; and then it crawls to the stem of a plant and spins a silk thread that issues out of its mouth around itself and ties that shell to that stem. Then, when it has completely covered itself with these silk threads, it goes into a quiescent state, during which time it does not eat or even breathe. It remains in a state which is called its chrysalis stage, perfectly quiet, almost dead. After a time it begins to breathe hard; and breathing hard for a few times it bursts the shell and draws itself out of the web. When it comes out it is feeble. Then it breathes hard a few times and with each breath it seems to draw all the air possible into its body. When its body is filled with air, its wings widen, they become stiff, the body gets strengthened and then, remaining in this state for a few hours, it spreads its wings and away it sails to the green fields.

We knew the butterfly when it was a caterpillar feeding upon leaves, knowing nothing but eating leaves, getting fat on the leaves, as if it did not know anything but eating. But now we find it is ever on the wing, darting this way and that way, seeming to have no care, sits only now and again on some flower, sucks the nectar from the heart of the rose, drinks the clear dew of the morning, and does not build any house nor does it store up food. Nor has it any cares. It lays eggs and does not know why it lays them. The modern world says the butterfly is a senseless insect. It says the ants and the bees have some sense,—they are more active, they store up food, are more intelligent. But the butterfly is senseless, has no aim or object, it darts here and there, it drinks a little honey, a little dew, and seems to have no care.

I have for many long years thought on this butterfly and I say seriously that this butterfly, to me at least, is a divine insect. It is born and lives its little short life to give mankind a lesson on freedom—soul-freedom. It is a wonderful lesson, if we think deeply on the parable of its many stages of growth.

Like the butterfly we are born; or, rather, our soul is born, the human soul is born, out of the Infinite. Free, Universal Soul. The butterfly, that is freed from bondage, freed from cares, freed from earthly desires, lays the eggs out of which come the caterpillars. So are our souls born out of the Infinite, out of the Universal Soul that is freed from matter, which pervades all existence and yet is not mixed with it; so the human soul is born of that Universal Soul called God, or the essence of God. And yet that soul forgets its divine heritage and turns its attention upon ma-

terial objects, and feeds itself on material pleasures; thinks of earth, earthy. Therein is all the trouble. This loss of knowledge of our real being, of our real birth, of our real heritage, of the real source of our being, therein begins the trouble. As the caterpillar feeds upon the leaves, not knowing that it has been born out of a being which is more like an airy being of the heaven, not knowing that the food and drink of its parent is honey and dew, so we, born of the womb of God and born out of the divine essence, our mind feeds upon material objects, material pleasures; and the more we feed our mind on material pleasures the more is it filled with desires for material pleasures. Here comes the weaving of the web, the weaving of the cocoon. Through much feeding of the mind upon material objects we grow material desires, which are like the silken threads of the caterpillar. By these silken threads of desires we bind ourselves to earth. All these desires, like the silk threads, are wound around us. The desires are born out of us, out of the mind, as the silk threads are born out of the mouth of the caterpillar. Round and round its body the caterpillar passes the silken thread and binds itself to this plant stem. At last its body is completely enveloped in the threads. So we bind our soul by the strings of desires. Round and round and round and round our soul these desire-threads go, until we find ourselves made prisoners by these desires within the cocoon of our mind.

Think of it! It is no metaphor. Think of it for a moment and you will find it is no metaphor. We are bound to earth, to material things, by our own desires,—desires for these very material things. Once, for a while, you can draw your soul away from these desires, you will feel so happy! You will be freed from endless worries and troubles. If you once free yourself from these material desires you will be blessed with an ease of the mind that you will call by any heavenly name.

But the caterpillar works out its own freedom; and we human beings do not do it, nor do we know how to do it. We feed on these objects of our desires in our life; then we drop the body; and, again, we are reborn and take up the thread in the next life just where we dropped it. Again, after being overfed with material pleasures, we find we are prisoners before we have worked out our salvation out of this prison of matter. We drop our fleshy encasement and die, just as the caterpillar bursts his skin and again we are born just as the caterpillar goes on feeding and develops another skin and grows fat and again bursts that skin and again goes on feeding. We are reborn and reborn just to feed our desires.

In every life we find at last it is too late to work out salvation, to work out the way to freedom. Alas, we think of it when it is too late! For death stands at our door demanding admission, and before we can talk a word with the grim visitor we are carried away from our body. The caterpillar goes into that quiescent state and becomes almost dead, looks all dead; but that it is not dead we know by the life that it shows a few days after.

In India this story of the caterpillar has greater significance than here in America, because in India there are saints and yogis still taking the lesson from the caterpillar, that go into that quiescent state called the yoga state, and in time they burst their way out of the cocoon and free themselves from the meshes of desires.

Here I will try to give you, in as few words as I can, how this quiescent state of the caterpillar corresponds to the yoga state of the yogi. The whole spiritual energy of the human body is centered in the navel. I am talking of the spiritual energy. There are three energies in the human body—the physical, the psychical and the spiritual. The physical energy is the outer energy, the inner energy is the psychical, and within the psychical energy is the spiritual. The spiritual energy pervades the psychical, as well as the physical. This spiritual energy cannot be seen. It is so fine that it is not visible to the physical eye; but we feel it. It can be felt when it is disturbed, or when it manifests itself within us. This spiritual energy of

the whole body is coiled up like a serpent—like a snake, it is said, with its tail in its mouth. Many of my readers have seen these symbolic pictures of a serpent with its tail in its mouth. It is called the *Koondalini*. It means that the minds that are all material, people that are all material, people who feed upon material thoughts, people who never think of the spiritual plane of their consciousness—these people have their spiritual energy in a state of inertness; and as the navel is the center of the body—physical, psychical, and spiritual—so all the energy is coiled up in the center.

When we read a spiritual book intently, appreciating the spiritual truths with all our heart and soul, there is a thrill within our heart. But the thrill is caused from this center in the navel. Some feel the thrill passing up from a place at the base of the spine and going up the spine. This is caused by the straightening out of the tail or, rather, the vibrating of this spiritual energy. That is to say, this spiritual energy that has so long been in a bound state, so long been in an inert state, is stirred now by these spiritual thoughts, these truths that we have been reading. This spiritual influx stirs it; and the mouth of this energy enters into the "*susumna*"—called in India the "*susumna*"—which is the spiritual lung, the main spiritual nerve, that is encased within the spinal column. The more and more we read, the more and more we feed our mind on the spiritual truths, the higher and higher this energy goes through that "*susumna*," this spiritual nerve. It goes up just like mercury in a thermometer; just as that mercury rises and rises to higher degrees, measuring the heat of the atmosphere, so this spiritual fluid—if you so name this spiritual energy—goes up the spinal column through this "*susumna*" nerve; and this "*susumna*" has stages as the thermometer has. The stages are called degrees in the thermometer; but this *susumna* has only six degrees. One corresponds to the solar plexus; that is the lowest. Another corresponds to the heart, another corresponds to the throat, another corresponds to the mouth, another corresponds to the eyes; the last to the temples. These are called in symbolical language—in the language of the Vedas—lotuses, spiritual lotuses—four-petal lotus, ten-petal lotus and more and more petal lotus, until it gets to where it is called the thousand-petal lotus. The lotus is called a mystic flower in India, and it is hard for a Westerner to find out why it is so called. It is so called for this reason; that those spiritual centers of the human body are shaped like the petals of the lotus and this lotus flower is just in the shape of these spiritual centers of the human body. Therefore is it called a mystic flower.

When this spiritual energy rises and rises by more and more contemplation of spiritual things, by the mind being more constantly concentrated upon the source of all spirituality, upon God or upon the divine essence or upon some spiritual facts or truths, it rises and rises and rises—rises from one stage to the other higher stage until when it reaches this thousand-petal lotus the man is free and the mind's desires are all melted, the whole body is filled with this pure spiritual energy. Every atom of the body is soaked in it, is permeated by it, and the man that has the good fortune to accomplish it is divine in every sense of the word. It is this man that performs all the miracles we hear of.

When the yogi is in the process of freeing this spiritual energy and making it go up through the *susumna*, he at most times will be in that quiescent state that we find in the caterpillar. Do I say that the caterpillar is a conscious yogi? No. The caterpillar is an unconscious yogi. It is a strange mystery of animal life that one animal should unconsciously practice yoga—unconsciously I say advisedly—and attain to a state out of which it will come transformed in body and sense, a different being from what it was. So becomes the yogi. He begins his exercises by controlling his breath. The mind is filled with material thoughts because of the desires we have for material things. Material thoughts in quick succession pass through our mind and fill it. The more the crowd of thoughts in our mind the more restless our mind becomes. The restlessness of the mind means unhappiness of the mind. If you can control the activity of the mind—by which I mean calm the mind by sending out

most of the mind's thoughts—if you can concentrate the mind on one thought—you will enjoy a calmness and serenity that you can never enjoy otherwise, even when you are reveling in the highest of material pleasures,

So the yogi finds from the books of the adept yogis in which are laid down the records of their spiritual experiences in practicing yoga, that it is the controlled breath that can control the mind. You can test it every day. You can test it right now. When you find sometimes that your mind is calm and serene—and there is nobody who has not now and then that calmness—you breathe few times a minute, your breaths are few and far between. When you breathe few times and far between, it induces calmness of the mind. The breath has the same relation to the mind as the pendulum of a clock to the hands. If you breathe quickly your mind is restless, is very active. So, when the yogi controls his breath by practicing breathing, he holds his breath for a long time at first. Inhaling through one nostril, he holds the breath for as long as he can, and then exhales through the other; and then he inhales through the same nostril through which he has just exhaled, and then exhales through the other; but he holds the breath for a long time. When he practices it twice a day, then by and by these artificially-brought-about long breathings become natural; it becomes a habit and in two or three weeks or two or three months the student breathes fewer times in a minute than he used to do before. I used to breathe in India once in two minutes. When I came to New York and I was in the hurry and bustle of your life and had to talk to so many hundred peoples and do so much great work, I found that my breathing was once in a minute, and now I think I have the same—or twice in a minute. The average breathing of the American is about twenty-four times in a minute. You can open your watch and test to see whether it is true or not.

The yogi begins to control his mind not only by this physical exercise of the breathing, but he concentrates his mind upon some object at the time; says some mantram, or thinks of something special; and by and by, by daily and constant practice, he naturally breathes perhaps once in two or three minutes; and by and by, when he practices this holding of breath and concentrating his mind, he passes into the trance state. When he can hold the breath for five minutes and can concentrate more absorbingly on one point, then he passes into the trance state.

That trance state is the quiescent state of the caterpillar. By and by he is able to remain in that state for a long time. Sometimes for days together he remains unmoved in that state. If you go to India you will see some people performing this. To the Hindoo it is no wonder. It is a result of mechanical practice of concentration. By and by he remains in that state of absorption for months together, his body sustained by this spiritual force that he has awakened within himself, the force that sustains not only life but sustains the body. It is the spiritual food he absorbs from his soul that nourishes him and circulates sustenance through all his veins and arteries. Why do we need food? Because our mind, thinking on matter, that is changeful in its attributes and aspects, absorbs that changeful attribute and becomes changeful in the sense that it becomes filled with too many thoughts; these crowded thoughts affect our body and the body absorbs that attribute of change and loses tissue. We have to eat, rest and drink and sleep to supply those tissues. If your mind thinks on things that are permanent, that are unchangeable—even if you can manufacture some thought, some idea, which you have believed is unchangeable and concentrate your mind on that—your mind will absorb that attribute of unchangeableness, and its effect upon the body will be very healthy, the body will not lose much tissue and hence you will require very little food. When your mind enters into a state of absorption—absorption in the spirit, where it thinks it is in the soul-realm—then you are fed by that food of the soul. There is not only not the least loss of tissue, but there is nourishment which even food cannot give.

In this quiescent state the yogi remains until this energy rises and rises and rises and comes to the thousand-petal lotus, this highest spiritual center of the human body. When it reaches here, the thousand-petal lotus, then he is a divine

man. All his former mentality is gone; he is ensouled in every limb, in every atom of his body—mind and body are all ensouled; aye, not only the features and expressions of his face, but even his thoughts, his habits, his behavior, everything is ensouled. And this is the human butterfly that comes of the chrysalis stage of spiritually absorbed human consciousness.

Really, wonder grows on one the more one studies the facts of the butterfly's life. The butterfly is ever on the wing, never makes a home, never stores up food, never has a care. So this freed soul that has come out of the cocoon of earthly desires, this human soul made divine, walks the earth in India freed from all cares, freed from all desires of the earth; feeds on nuts and fruit and roots or milk; is clad sometimes in Nature's own garb; is clad sometimes with whatever he can get, some little cloth that is given him, as the flowers give the raiment to the butterfly. The butterfly gets his coat from colors of the flowers; so this hermit, this Sannyasin, this ascetic in India, covers himself with picked up rags or barks of trees. And you can find thousands upon thousands of them in India who are living this wonderful life. This ascetic has no home, he gets to eat when he is hungry, and at all times he is master of his mind. Master of his mind, he is filled with all the compassion that a human heart can contain. He is at the service of everybody, of anybody who comes to him for spiritual service.

People think here that material service is more needed and more desired and is of higher merit than spiritual service. Dismiss from your mind such a delusion. People here say of the yogis of India, "What do they do? They are nothing but lazy fellows. They are selfish fellows: they care for their own salvation only, the salvation of their own soul. The ascetics do not move. Where there is need of their services they never go to help as all others do."

Help! The yogi, the ascetic of India, is of greater service to the world than even a man who gives away all his millions to all his fellows. Man has lived many lives, thousands of lives, and in all those lives he has fed himself, clothed himself and had a good time. Sometimes, in some life, according to his past actions, he has been a king. Sometimes he has been a beggar, owing to his karma. The wheel of fate once takes man to the top, the next moment down at the bottom, says a Sanskrit aphorism. Sometimes, according to our karma, we become kings, hold a scepter; sometimes we are beggars, trying to get food and cannot get it. So, many times and at all times through our births we have been fed. That did not help us in doing away with the reactions of our past actions. Reactions of the past actions make us happy in one life, unhappy in another; rich in one life, poor in another. What, therefore, the human being needs, a man or a woman needs, is spiritual wisdom, spiritual food, food that is eaten by the mind; and when it is eaten and digested by the mind it creates revolution in the mind, kills all the crude attributes of the mind, the fallacies of the mind, and makes all harmonious. Can you make a greater gift to a man than this spiritual wisdom and make that mind of man not only eat it, the spiritual food, but digest it?

So, these yogis, first of all they try to help themselves, to help their own souls, to develop their own souls, by spiritual meditation; and when they have made the spiritual energy mount to the thousand-petal lotus, they are permanently blessed with this spiritual energy coursing through their body, then they give it out. When they speak of those spiritual truths to man they are considered in man's mind, for every word that they utter comes from realization—realization that is going on in every minute of their life.

Yes, we can get the best of lessons from the little butterfly. The butterfly works out its own salvation; bursts the cocoon and emerges a most beautiful being that human eye has lighted upon. And we, most of us, remain in the caterpillar stage—never get, even, into the chrysalis stage. But the door is open to everybody. Lord God shows us the ways through which we can get out of the woods, if we only study Nature carefully. The flower you study; but study it deeply, to its source; study all the principles out of which it has grown. It is a book greater than all the books that you read that

the naturalists publish. It is a book which is as good as Christ's teachings or even the Vedas.

The butterfly is a little insect. We look at it. Sometimes we run after it to catch it. Young folk kill them, all although they admire their color, their raiment, their beauty. And they call them creatures who have no aim in life, creatures that are gay, and frivolous human beings want to imitate the butterfly in its outer aspects. But let us now for one moment think how the butterfly has emerged from that prison which it made by the silk that came out of its own mouth—made its own prison and then liberated itself out of the prison. Think how we can get into that quiescent stage by harmonizing the forces of the mind, by controlling the mind; and the best way to control the mind is to center the mind upon God, upon Love, upon the Divine Essence—call it what you like, we all instinctively know what it is, we know that it is the primal home of Harmony, of Peace and Love; the intelligent man or woman does not need to be told what God is. Lessons are stored up within us. We have taken many births, thousands of births; in every birth we have had lessons. We forget them, we have misused those lessons, we have neglected the lessons, and hence we crawl on earth like caterpillars feeding upon earthly desires, upon the rank leaves of the earth, and never try to imitate the caterpillar in escaping from this thralldom of matter, this bondage of mere material desires.

THE WHITE PRINCESS

By MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT

THE pool was dark and deep and silent. The black, heavy-breathing forest hedged it in, till only here and there a ray of light shot through and trembled on the dark water.

"It is an enchanted Black Prince," said the children. "He has lost the way out. The forest closed in upon him. He has tried so hard, but he cannot find the way."

The children came often. They feared the black forest, but they loved their enchanted Prince.

One day they came as usual, when the sun was high. "Look!" cried the eldest. A single white flower was resting on the bosom of the pool—like a star dropped from heaven, so silently had it come.

"It is the White Princess," whispered the children. "She will break the spell."

White and alone on the dark water, the beautiful flower grew more beautiful day by day. It drew the poison from the sunless plants that gathered on the edge of the pool and transmuted it all into pure white petals and clinging gold. It drew the sun to it. It caught the rays and threw them back upon the quivering darkness in still, clear light. And the deep heart of the pool was stirred. Once more life moved upon the face of the waters. The noxious plants faded away as the sunlight touched them, and revealed the hidden outlet; and pent up power rose from the still, unfathomable depths, and overflowed afar, to the desert beyond the vampire forest. Long had the forest

drunken all the moisture, but now the desert grew green and blossomed like the rose.

Two travellers came that way; one was a "practical man", the other was an artist.

"What a fine pool!" said the "practical man." "See how it has irrigated all the surrounding country."

"What a wonderful blossom!" said the artist.

"Oh, a useless flower," returned the other, and contempt was in his voice.

The artist answered nothing, but he gazed long at the still, white flower with its heart of gold. The children stole up to him.

"It is the White Princess," they whispered. "She broke the spell."

"Umph!" growled the "practical man."

But the artist nodded gravely. "Ah yes," he said, "the White Princess. I remember. I shall not forget again." And he breathed one word to the listening flower, and went on his way through the forest.

The children said, "Good night." The magical, luminous dark descended.

The flower smiled with a soft radiance as it folded its petals in perfect peace, and fell asleep on the bosom of the pool. The pool held it close to its heart and was silent. And in silence the great white stars looked down, and they smiled too, for only the stars are as wise as the children. They and the children know.

The Best Religion

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

THERE was once a coffee house in the ancient Indian city of Surat where travelers, hailing from many lands and climes, were wont to meet and there beguile their idle time by the discussion of the many questions of the day. It happened once that the perennial subject of religion was brought up for their discussion, the cause of its coming up being the action of one of the travelers, a heathen, who took a miniature wooden idol from beneath his girdle and kissed it, and addressed to it his devout prayers. Whereupon a Hindu priest, a Brahmin, unable to restrain his wrath, was led to explain aloud to the misguided heathen: "You miserable ass! How can you ever believe that this insignificant little object which you tuck away within the folds of your girdle is a god? Know you, then, that there is but One God in this world whose name is Brahma. He alone created the world and only to him are millions of knees bent in worship these many thousands of years! What, you do not believe it? Why, we have books written black on white which will prove the truth of all I say to you."

Scarcely had the Brahmin ended his discourse when a Jew from Bagdad took up his cue: "It is not true, my friend," began the Jew with a smile on his lips; "the name of the real and true God is not Brahma. God has no name at all in human language, but only certain designations which serve to convey to us mortals His great might and ineffable majesty. We name Him Jehovah, which means He who causes all to exist; we call Him Adonai, which means Lord, and sundry other designations; but the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob has no certain, defined name. He is the only true God, which He proved long since by His great mercies to the Jewish people in all times. He has chosen us as his own people, to display to us His everlasting love and af-

fection. Even when He is punishing us we know but too well that His only object is but to put us to the test, and that He will deliver us ultimately. This He has promised in our holy Scripture, which does not consist of mere words, but of eternal truths, some of which we have seen realized in our own days. Therefore do we accept without doubt His promise to elevate us, at some future day, above all nations, who will come to us, to our Mount of Zion, to learn wisdom." Uttering these words, the Jew began to cry bitterly. But he had scarcely time to brush away his tears when the Catholic began to speak:

"You are mistaken, my dear Hebrew, and even guilty of blasphemy, when you attribute to God the love of one nation above all others, which would most surely be unjust. But you still fail to see that this very same God has long since erased your very name from the book of the living? Your nation is growing ever smaller and smaller, while we Catholics are spreading to the very confines of the earth. Is not this proof sufficient that God loves only us, has made us the inheritors of this life and the life to come, and that all other sects and denominations are doomed to the eternal torments of the purgatory?" Whereupon the Lutheran, hardly able to restrain his mirthful laugh, made reply:

"You silly Catholic! I had expected to hear some words of wisdom from you, perceiving your erstwhile discourse with the stubborn Jew. But you shattered my hopes by your unblushing assertion that the salvation of the human race will come only through your own religion! You believe in the Pope, who is the intermediary between God and His child, Man, but we Lutherans are well aware that God needs no go-between; therefore we worship only Him and His only-begotten Son."

"You, too, speak foolishly," ob-

served a Turk, who sat in a corner, dreamily smoking his narghile; "you both pride yourselves upon the glories of your respective religions, while you both forget that our prophet, Mohammed, had long since founded a much better and higher religion than either one of yours, a religion which continues growing even today in that oldest of all lands, China! We have no Gods or Saints, and adore but Allah and His prophet Mohammed. Now, pray tell me, which of our religions is superior."

After the Turk had had his say, the Buddhist, the Lamaist, the Parsee, each in his turn, delivered his discourse, trying to prove his superiority of his own particular form of worship, and thus contributing to prolong the long-continued wrangle. But there was one individual in the room who sat in his own corner, sipping slowly his tea, not wishing to interfere in what he considered a useless debate. This silent guest was a Chinaman, whom presently all his companions began to press for an opinion. After much coaxing and imploring on the part of his colleagues, he agreed to give it.

"My friends," exclaimed the pig-tailed one, "it is my sincere belief that there would have been more harmony and better understanding among nations if it were not for the egotism of each one of them. And this is the real source of all the troubles and vexations which man brings on himself in spite of the will of his Creator. If you will but allow me, I will relate to you an anecdote of my own experience. Sailing once upon an English

steamer we had anchored at some small inlet in Sumatra for the purpose of getting a supply of drinking water to last us for our long journey. After we had stayed for at least half a day at the island a blind man came on board, and to my question as to whether he was born blind or not he replied that he was not. He had lost the sight of his eyes not many years before through his continual staring at the sun, anxious to discover its composition and its laws. Staring at it so long he became totally blind, as a result of which he now firmly believes that the sun is only an optical delusion and does not exist at all."

After the Chinaman had paused for awhile to observe the affect of his tale, he continued as follows: "That which I have related to you concerning the sun could also be said in relation to the Godhead. Each and every nation has so long and so persistently stared at his God, and tried to master things which are beyond our comprehension, that it has become totally blind; and it therefore beholds in its God now only a being which fits in with its own notion of self-esteem and its Chauvinism. The truth of the matter is that all the Christian sects are no less blind than the grossest idolators, and all the churches and temples are therefore built upon deceit and falsehood! None of you has any right to speak of God and Religion as long as you remain strangers to the great law of the brotherhood of the human family."

Whereupon all the guests of the house glanced abashed at the gentle Chinaman and were presently absorbed in deep, earnest meditation.

O thou My Beloved One! Thou, who, like saint and sage and prophet of old, has touched the harp of life that I attune for thee, do thou come to Me singly and do thou say unto those that My promise is this: "Dear to Me are ye, My children. List to the promise I gave unto you! To those who seek Me in holy earnestness, to those do I come even like the sweet influence of young Spring. Like unto a giant am I in gentleness, yet none can wrestle with My Love. Know, ye shall know My coming even by the spontaneous growth that shall spring about your feet, and become even fruit-bearing trees at My command.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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